

The Inquirer

THE UNITARIAN AND FREE CHRISTIAN WEEKLY • Founded 1842

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER

No. 6221

Saturday, September 30th, 1961

Price 4d.

After Dag Hammarskjöld

THE worse that can be said of a man in an important position is that he is indispensable. If he is that then he is killing the job he was intended to do. Dag Hammarskjöld probably saw to it that he was not indispensable. Nearly the last task he did for the United Nations was to write a document about its functions and that of the Secretary-General in terms of principles that lay above the interests and frailties of individuals.

But his death is admitted to be a great tragedy for the office he held. For the United Nations Association has suddenly stepped into a dangerous testing time. It is no longer under majority control by the Western nations, where all the economic power lies. It now has ninety-nine members which, with all the lobbying that must take place, makes it something of an unwieldy and unpredictable body. Its present structure is opposed by the Russians; before Hammarskjöld died his office of Secretary-General was not acknowledged by them. Small African states are members but not communist China, and that troublesome anomaly will keep all the flames of wrath and intrigue burning between East and West. On top of all this a new Secretary-General or a substitute has to be appointed, and there is intense conflict about that. No wonder some commentators are speaking of the demise of the United Nations.

Balance of Power

This is not likely to take place, for the excellent reason that the new comparatively small Afro-Asian nations will do their best to prevent it. The United Nations is an international organisation where they can really enter upon the stage of history and use their new national status to influence world events. Then there are other factors, the moral ones, and it is too soon, even in the grim contemporary world of reliance on naked power and power alone to leave those out of account. They have been left out in the international sphere pretty much over the last few decades, but they have shown an impressive strength for creeping back again.

World peace is maintained at the moment by the balance of power—or the balance of terror—between America and Russia. This is the basis of the world order, and nothing on the surface seems quite so important as this. Within this situation it seems possible for Russia to destroy the United Nations if she so desires, without in the least weakening her own position, and for America at least to lose interest.

But it is improbable, whatever may be the grim factual situation, that the two great powers can totally

sacrifice a moral appeal. Each must always appeal to moral forces. Sometimes these appeals are openly cynical or obscurantist in the light of actual practice, but nevertheless they have to be made.

Equally, the new Afro-Asian nations must appeal to these forces. Their very existence depends upon it. They have entered upon their nationhood through the application of moral rights. The bitter objection to apartheid, for instance, is essentially moral. The fundamental basis of the United Nations therefore is a moral one, and its charter is one of the outstanding moral documents of this era.

Future of UNO

The struggle, therefore, for the future of UNO, and this includes the successor to Mr. Hammarskjöld, is not likely to be decided by power alone. No one great nation will incur universal dislike by destroying it. The United Nations is not the old League of Nations, it is a much more representative, universal body, and built into the imagination of men as the League never was. Whoever is appointed to be Secretary-General, or whoever occupies any charge in the office, is unlikely to become a stooge for the great powers. UNO is now a strong independent organisation of its own, and perhaps not in danger of being killed. If this is so, then in a way its founders, and the founders of the old League of Nations, never dreamed of, morality is coming into its own. The real challenge to the naked balance of power situation is just the existence of this morality. It is intangible, it is confused, it is mostly unorganised and frequently inarticulate, but it may be called a second world force. It is becoming tangible in the United Nations Organisation; its influence may be seen more clearly in three or four months in that quarter; but that it cannot be left out of account in terms of power politics is evident.

The Moral Imperative

Universal disarmament is an intricate and complicated matter; no nation is going to sacrifice what is regarded as its security in its name, but if the statesmen, specialists and technicians, can really in themselves feel the force not of what is called popular demand, but of a moral imperative felt by all ordinary people everywhere, then the technical difficulties can melt away.

It is becoming more evident that the sixties of this century are one of the most dramatic periods in the history of mankind.

THE DESTINY OF MAN

The following is taken from a sermon preached by the Rev. J. A. Kennedy, in the Octagon Chapel, Norwich, during the recent Annual Meetings of the British Association held in that city.

By J. A. Kennedy

THE dream of a well-regulated society which has animated the minds of some of the best of men from the time of Plato now appears, in the light of sinister developments in some modern States, to be less of a dream than a nightmare. We have passed in a short time from the fear that these idealistic projects will not be realised to the fear that they will. An able thinker of our time, Nicolas Berdyaev, has written: "Utopias appear much more likely to be realised than was formerly believed. And we are now confronted by a question even more perplexing—how to avoid their ultimate realisation. Life is moving towards them. Perhaps an age is now beginning in which intellectuals and the educated classes will devise the means of avoiding Utopias and of returning to a society less 'perfect' and more free."

Thirty years ago, Mr. Aldous Huxley published a novel on the fly-leaf of which those warning words of Berdyaev's are now inscribed. In his "Brave New World" he describes the application to human beings of the results of future research in biology, physiology and psychology. The really revolutionary revolution is to be achieved not in the external world but in the souls and flesh of human beings. The motto of the new World State envisaged in the story is "Community, Identity, Stability." In this hygienic paradise, where marriage, parenthood, family life and old age have been dispensed with as outmoded obscenities, the new generation is bred in test tubes and decanted from bottles and its development controlled at every stage in huge laboratories.

To fit into the different categories of workers demanded by the community, five different grades of human being are raised, each with its own characteristics and limitations, and by the new techniques of suggestion each is furnished with thoughts and an outlook appropriate to its role in the life of the State; each is "predestined" and "conditioned", provided with all the right reflexes and the right shade of class-consciousness. It is the devastating impact of this highly efficient and utterly soul-less society upon a healthy young savage who has learned to read Shakespeare that leads to tragedy.

★

However strongly we detest such misuses of the great gifts of science in some Planners' Paradise where human life is standardised and moulded to fit a totalitarian system, man remains an inveterate seeker after a fuller and better life and remains confident that science, in the service of humanity, can do an enormous amount to ensure the fulfilment of his quest. The issue of supreme importance is not how soon man can land on the surface of the moon, nor what new sources of energy can be placed at man's disposal, nor even whether disease can be eradicated or more years added to the span of human life—it is nothing less than the destiny of man himself. Making the great assumption that man, armed by invention with the means of his own annihilation, and animated by rivalries which may provoke him to use them, will yet have the final sanity to restrain himself, can we not hope and expect for him a great future when, to the postulates of religion that he is a child of God endowed with infinite possibilities, there are added the enlightenment and blessings which a science dominated by a truly humanitarian purpose can bestow?

★

It is but two years since we honoured one of the outstanding dates in the calendar of modern science, the hundredth anniversary of the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." There was indeed, as Darwin claimed, "grandeur in this view of life . . . having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one . . . and from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful . . . being evolved." We are grateful today for this new understanding of creation as a continuous and unpassing process. Yet it would not be unfair to say that some men of science, under the influence

of Darwin's discoveries, have been unduly pre-occupied with origins and too little concerned with ultimates. They have held that the only way to explain anything was to trace its pedigree back as far as possible. The tree was to be known not by its fruits but by its roots. So the "nature" of religion was investigated in the manners and customs of savages. It was all too easily assumed that religion is essentially a matter of spells, magic, and incantations, and that what we call the higher religions are only refined, rationalised and disguised developments of these primitive superstitions. By the same arguments it might be proved that science itself has no more respectable a lineage, and would have to trace its own beginnings to alchemy, astrology and magic.

When an important work of art is contemplated, whether it be a tapestry, a mural, a mosaic, or some form of painting, a preliminary drawing is made as a guide in the execution of the finished work, and this is known as a cartoon. We do not explain the work of art by pointing out the imperfections in the cartoon; we understand the cartoon in the light of the masterpiece for which it was a preparation. Man cannot be adequately accounted for by his animal ancestry. His feet may be in the slime, but his head is among the stars, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be.

★

We can profit at this very point by the wisdom of Aristotle. Deeply versed as he was in all the science of his age, it was from his studies in biology that he derived a view which can be found running through all his thought, a view described by the Greek term "genesis", corresponding to our Evolution. Plato, his teacher, had been more deeply interested in *being*—his universe was a static universe. A pervading conception of growth is what distinguishes the thought of Aristotle—his universe was a dynamic one. His world is engaged in *becoming*. The "nature" of each thing is a potentiality which moves through a process of development to an actuality which is its true and final "nature". "Nature is the end," he says, "and what each thing is when fully developed, we call its nature." The process of evolution is for the sake of the thing finally evolved, and not this for the sake of the process. The activity of man, whether in the building of a house, or the making of a statue, in the putting together of a State or the composition of a tragedy, is the activity of realising a plan or "form", and of causing a material that has the proper potentiality—be it wood and stone, or marble, or the human trend to association, or the human passion for imitation—to move towards the "form" which is also its end.

A thing is explained not by its origin but by its end. The true nature of anything is what that thing is when fully developed. Man cannot be understood apart from his destiny as a spiritual being and his potentiality for fine personality. The Apostle Paul sees the same vision of the whole cosmic process as a preparation for a new race of men and a new quality of life: the whole creation groaning and travelling together, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God. Man has to be comprehended in the light of all the heroisms and nobilities, the undying thoughts and generousities, of which he is capable. "Applied science must be used, not as the end to which human beings are to be made the means, but as the means to producing a race of free individuals," declared Huxley. When that can be realised we shall be able to complete, and to use in the sense which Shakespeare intended, the words which Huxley employed with such irony:

"O brave new world, that has such people in it."

A LAYMAN'S DIARY

September 10 (Sunday). "Twentieth-century church light music" is becoming very fashionable these days. You take a familiar hymn or canticle, or even a whole Prayer Book service (in which case you call it a "Folk Mass"), and set it to new music "in the modern idiom". Tonight in *Meeting Point* (BBC religious television) this was demonstrated by members of the St. James's (Presbyterian) Youth Club, Lockleaze, Bristol. This club, as I mentioned about six months ago, put on *A Man Dies*, a modern Passion Play which was given a special showing in ITV's *Sunday Book*; and tonight some of the solos were pleasantly sung by Valerie Mountain, whose quiet earnest singing

was perhaps the most memorable part of the earlier broadcast (am I right in thinking that she has now gone a little too Vera Lynn-ish?). I am not against new tunes for old hymns just because they're new; but the "church light music" devotees sometimes remind me of the classic complaint against Indian civil servants that they were "neither Indian, nor civil, nor servants". Tonight, for instance, the young people ploughed through "Who would true valour see" set to a lugubrious dirge reminiscent of Ivor Novello at his least inspired. There is plenty of dynamic and tuneful light music, music with a lilt, going about nowadays: take *Get Me To The Church On Time*, or *I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out Of My Hair*—even *Fings Ain't Wot They Used To Be*, or *My Old Man's A Dustman*. Why can't the would-be innovators write—or pinch—something with a real tune?

★

Earlier in the evening Harry Secombe, who is a Vice-Chairman of the Actors' Church Union, talked in *Sunday Special* (BBC religious television again), with Alan Gibson, about his introduction to church music as an Episcopalian choirboy. (The imagination boggles!) Among our modern comedians Harry Secombe takes a very high place—I wrote as a life member of the Bring-Back-Neddie-Seagoon Club—because of his genuine good humour and bubbling spontaneity. He kept himself well in check tonight (closing with a long and finely spoken quotation from John Masefield); but the twinkle was not far away, especially when he was asked about his brother, who is a vicar: "Ah yes, the black sheep of the family".

★

September 11. Kenneth Robinson M.P., is one of the least partisan members of the House of Commons; he is probably better known for his keen interest in mental health than for any party activity. Last year he visited Holland, France, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., to look at each country's hospital and community provision for the psychotic and the severely subnormal, and to inquire into public attitudes towards mental disorder. He has set down his experiences in a most readable booklet *Patterns of Care* (42 pp.: 2s. 9d. post free, from the National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1). Each of the four countries was able to show him new and encouraging projects in treating mental disorder. In Amsterdam there is a uniquely effective community-mental-health service. In the United States the best mental care is excellent, but expensive for the individual; perhaps the most interesting trend he found there was in California, where more than 10 per cent of the study time of every medical student is devoted to psychiatric training. Mr. Robinson found the Russians rather secretive about their arrangements for the care of the severely subnormal, almost as though they pretended that the condition did not exist; but he found also that the incidence of mental illness in Russia was much lower than it is in this country, or in the other countries he visited. He attributes this to the fact that "a conformist society, with lines of conduct clearly and simply laid down, will almost certainly produce fewer neuroses". As for France, his most thought-provoking quotation is from a French psychiatrist, who envied Great Britain its modern mental health legislation (dating from 1959), but who said: "I am not enthusiastic for having new legislation in France, since it would be far less liberal than yours—whereas the existing law in France is so manifestly out-of-date that it can be largely ignored with impunity". French logic at its best!

★

September 13. School reopened today, and we said goodbye to Cliff Michelson and his *Tonight* colleagues until Christmas (except for an odd Friday night), as we observe "TV silence" for the whole family from 6 to 8 p.m. on homework nights—I find it helps my homework as well. David has ascended to the juniors from the infants, and is wending with an unfamiliar world in which "apparatus" has become "P.E.", and strange new studies like History and Geography make their appearance. This morning he had to do a composition

on "My Family", and managed to include references to everyone at home except my wife. When she demurred mildly at being left out, he said to her: "Well, you don't really do anything worth mentioning. How on earth could I say, 'My mother gardens and does Marriage Guidance'?"

★

September 14. Next month the Manchester Unitarian Society, whose monthly winter meetings I used to enjoy so much in the late 1940s and early 1950s, starts its fifteenth season with a talk on American Unitarianism by the Rev. R. G. Kimball. The Secretary of the M.U.S., Mrs. McMullan (68 Corkland Road, Manchester 21) has kindly sent me the attractive programme card: meetings are at 7.30 p.m. on the second Thursday of the month till next March, in Cross Street Chapel Committee Room. This season the subjects are divided equally between social and religious topics, ranging from the New English Bible to the interesting Liverpool police liaison experiment for dealing with juvenile offences. With news like this, and with United and City doing so well, it is hard to avoid feeling a bit nostalgic about the old place....

★

September 15. A Northern spy tells me that the minister of our Kingston-upon-Hull church, the Rev. Ernest Penn, recently gained his B.A. degree in psychology at Hull University. This would be an achievement in any circumstances, but to graduate while living a full family life and ministering to the Park Street congregation must have demanded a deal of concentration and purpose. And my wife, who had to put up with me in a similar situation just after the war and shush two-year-old Gordon, in furnished digs, because "Daddy's working" (thank goodness I didn't have a church to run!) would no doubt say, "Hats off to Mrs. Penn as well!"

TOMMY, MIRIAM, MARILYN AND AUDREY

By A Head Teacher

In a letter on a previous article by Head Teacher, a correspondent in the issue of September 16th asked: "If 'Head Teacher' was casting a fly and I have risen to it, I am glad. In any case, could I ask him whether he has ever thought of sitting round a table with Tommy's mother and stepfather—and perhaps with Tommy, too—to see whether Tommy's home life might have something to do with his failure at the grammar school and his behaviour now? If he hasn't, is it too late?"

Head Teacher has written the following article by way of reply.

YES, Mrs. "Rasher" Brown really did call at my school and the incidents did happen as described in November, 1960. Let me add a postscript—equally true. Tommy Smith has now left school. No round-table conference between stepfather, Tommy, mum and head took place to sort out why Tommy was in revolt. "Information received" showed that stepfather would not help. Neither he nor mother had attended any of the many Parent-Teacher Association meetings, usually attended by more teachers than parents. Tommy at 11 had looked like an angelic choirboy. He had charmed the lady teachers, who took the first-year classes. At 12 he had been recommended for transfer to the local Grammar School and had done very well in the qualifying examination. Everyone said how wonderful it was that the lad had done so well, considering his father had been killed in Korea.

When he was 13 I became aware of his existence again. The Welfare Officer was looking for Brian Bottoms, another choirboy-faced type of the same age. Brian had been dragged bodily into my office after school one afternoon by an irate shopkeeper, whose premises were opposite my school. Brian had been on the wrong side of the counter. Brian's father took strong exception to the action I took and threatened to report me to the Governors, the Committee and the Labour M.P., a leading Nuclear Disarmer. He did not, but Brian, following family practice, in due course played truant for about the

thirtieth time. The Welfare Officer, in other days the Attendance Officer or the "School Board" man, ran Brian to earth, tramping on a neighbour's garden. His companion in truancy was Tommy Smith. Their tale was "We were mowing the lawn".

Brian came back to school with a note to say that he had had the "flu".

★

I rang the Grammar School to let them know where Tommy Smith was. The Grammar School shortly afterwards wrote to say that Tommy Smith's parents had requested that he should be transferred to my school. In fact, what had, of course, happened, was that the Grammar School had told Tommy's mother that he was finding the work difficult there and that it would be "educationally" in his interest for him to be transferred to my school. Committees have to be satisfied that transfers from a Grammar School to a Secondary Modern School are "educationally" right and not mere "expulsions" for being bad boys.

His mother, a very colourless character, had signed the required form. She may have realised as well that Tommy Smith, Grammar School boy, could not start wage-earning till he was 16. Tommy Smith, Secondary Modern schoolboy, could start wage-earning at the end of the term in which he became 15.

Tommy Smith, like myself, has left that Secondary Modern School. I understand that for most of his last term he was absent.

Miriam Boddows, the biter who got her fangs into the second-year boy's back, has also left school after appearing in the Juvenile Court, charged with theft. She is a victim of an over-indulgent mum, who likes to go to the club at night and who leaves Miriam at home to look after Baby Brother. Miriam's line is quite simple. "If you don't let me have what I want, then I won't look after Baby Brother".

★

Miriam, Marilyn Sykes and Audrey Green were buddies from Primary School days. Their speciality was cheek to all young and inexperienced teachers, smoking in the girls' lavatories and writing dirty words on the lavatory walls. We also suspected them of being thieves.

Just after Mrs. "Basher" Brown called, we got proof that money was being stolen from the ladies' staff room. The senior mistress, age 65 plus, washed her hands of the affair by saying "Why should we have these children from the slums". The Domestic Science mistress thought otherwise. Her purse had been rifled. So a trap was set with a nicely powdered coin.

Two of the suspects, Marilyn and Audrey, were sent up to clear the crockery used there in the mid-morning break. As soon as they had moved off with the crockery, I slipped up to the room to find the coin missing. Over in the Domestic Science room, Marilyn's hands were plastered with the tell-tale powder used on the coin. We challenged her. She produced the coin from her sock.

Marilyn immediately implicated Audrey and they inevitably asked for a number of other offences to be taken into consideration—including some we had not heard of. Audrey, also true to type, accused Miriam of complicity in their thefts and of sharing in the swag. Miriam, shopped by her friends and caught off her guard, confessed.

Their parents had never attended any Parent-Teacher Association Meeting. We decided in the interests of the school to deal with the incident on our own. Letters were written to the parents.

Marilyn's mum called—a fat colourless type. She had nothing to say one way or the other. I was well aware that Marilyn's younger brother, not yet in my school, was due to appear in the Juvenile Court for theft in company with a tribe of young gentlemen, who had plundered a load of toothpaste from a public lorry. Would we deal with Marilyn sharply? The senior mistress did.

Audrey's dad called, a Scottish miner who had migrated to England. He just couldn't understand it. Audrey was so good with the other children. Of course it was a pity she'd lost her mum. Of course, too, he had wondered why he had mined money from his pockets. Would we deal with Audrey sharply? The senior mistress did.

It took two letters to get any representative of Miriam's family to the school. Miriam's mum finally called—in a towering rage. It was all our fault. From the day she had come into the school the senior mistress and the lady teachers had had a down on her. "That Mrs. . . ., if I could lay my hands on her". Bluntly I told the woman—either we dealt with the matter or the police did. Unwillingly she gave way. "Miriam's such a good girl at home. I've a good mind to take Miriam away from your school".

In December, early one Sunday morning, a teacher had an anonymous phone call. He was referred to as a "B B". The speaker was a girl. We could not prove it was Miriam. We did know that a girl, answering Miriam's description and a little boy, answering the description of Baby Brother, had been seen leaving a telephone kiosk at the operative time. We did not give Miriam the opportunity of innocently saying "I was at Communion at the time you're talking of". The school was given a lecture on the misuse of the telephone.

During the Christmas Holidays the Office rang up to say that 12 children attending my school were due to appear in Juvenile Court. Would I go in and fill out the Confidential Reports?

Nine of the twelve were youngsters connected with the raid on the toothpaste lorry. The ringleader of these, incidentally, on the night of the raid had arrived home at 11.15 p.m. to find the police already on the doorstep. Mum and dad, fresh from the Legion Club or some similar establishment, got home at 11.30 p.m. and the policeman had to stop dad from knocking his ill-clad and smelly off-spring across the room.

The other three were Miriam, Marilyn and Audrey.

★

At the end of the Spring Term Miriam, Marilyn and Audrey left school. On their last day at school they brought me a present, a small packet of cigars. The previous day a purse containing a sum of money, roughly equivalent to the cost of the cigars had disappeared from the cloakroom. The prefects reported Marilyn, Miriam and Audrey amongst many others, all on their way to and from the toilets, had been in the cloakroom. Did I smoke the proceeds of a theft or was it a genuine farewell present?

"THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN"

By Malcolm Ross

"THE third day he rose again." Dramatic crowd words, of which it has been rudely declared, "except a man believe faithfully he cannot be used": What lies behind them? Is there any clue that we can experimentally follow as we face the welter of legend, rumour, and tradition which produced them? It's anybody's guess—and it is fascinating country in which to go exploring. For myself, I am convinced about one spot of history on which we can safely place a finger. Here it is.

Paul actually lived. He was a vital figure in history; and without reasonable doubt he wrote the epistle to the "Galatians", and the "Corinthians" during the first half of the first century A.D. In "Galatians" he tells us that three years after his "conversion" on the Damascus road he went up to Jerusalem and met Peter. What did they talk about? Obviously about Jesus. And out of the results of that interview—as I see it—was the list of the Resurrection appearances contained by

Paul in the 15th chapter of his first letter to the "Corinthians". Now that list contains no mention of any "empty tomb" or of any discoveries by or appearances to any women. So I rule out all that as legend—or rather, history so rules it out. For if such things had really happened factually Peter would without any doubt have known about them and would have told Paul. So much for history.

★

From what we have left of the various gospel stories, all of which in my view are shrouded in the pearly mists of legend, these are two which fascinate one and hold me spellbound.

The Lukan gospel tells us of two friends of Jesus who left Jerusalem immediately after the execution of their friend, and set out to walk to their home village Emmaus. A complete stranger catches up with them and walks with them. They find him a wonderful companion.—"Did not our hearts burn within us?" they said to each other afterwards. At their cottage door they press him to come in and eat with them. He accepts their invitation. And then suddenly, as he is eating, he gives the secret sign, which seems to have been a certain way of handling the bread, so revealing himself as one of the chosen band. And then, even as he does this, he goes out through the door and disappears in the darkness.

Who was he? And had the secret sign which revealed him as a comrade anything to do with the fact that one of the circle was a member of the underground resistance movement known as the "Zealots"—and the fact that the disciples went to Gethsemane armed? Anybody's guess. I only wonder.

★

The other story comes from the Fourth Gospel, and is equally intriguing. Peter and his friends have gone back to Galilee—a group of disappointed men—and have resumed their fishing. They bring their boats ashore one early morning after a disappointing night. They see an unknown man on the beach cooking fish over a fire. He calls to them to go out again and throw the trawl. They do so, and this time secure a marvellous catch. And we are told that John said to Peter, "It is the Lord!" But the stranger still remains unrecognized! Then there follows an emotional conversation between the Unknown and Peter. Who was he? Again—anybody's guess!

"The third day he rose again." It might mean anything, or nothing. But as I write down the words I inevitably think with a tightening of my heart-strings of that unknown stranger giving the secret sign in that cottage on the Emmaus road, and disappearing into the night! I see a man standing alone on a beach—hear him call out "Throw the trawl again!"—and hear one fisherman say to another, "It is the Lord"! Two of the world's immortal stories which never lose their lovely charm.

★

The strange, and by no means least fascinating feature of these stories, is that their authors, "Luke" and "John", state categorically that the unknown stranger was Jesus, while admitting that he remained unrecognized by his friends. This is where I feel that the "pearly mist of legend" shrouds the whole thing in uncertainty, and where the solution is indeed anybody's guess. And it may even be that here we are in touch with political situations which these writers were up against, following the Jewish revolt against the Romans in A.D. 66, resulting in the destruction of Jerusalem, together with the Jerusalem Church, in A.D. 70.

"The third day he rose again." Did he? And how? Is he always "rising again" in the hearts of those who love him? And was that how it happened long ago? Anybody's guess? But mine is just that. You see—it works—and after all, that is what constitutes a "gospel"—good news. It gives a new look to the slogan I started with, and makes of it a really triumphant happy head line—"The third day he rose again".

DEAD AND GONE—OR REMEMBERED?

By Geoffrey Petts

Dag Hammarskjöld is dead. Amid telling ourselves what a fine fellow he was (and he was) we are bemoaning the fate of the United Nations, the cause of world peace, and the improbability of finding a successor of equal calibre.

We shall, of course. Perhaps there will be three of them doing the job, or one as before. In any case the need will be met, and before long the name of Hammarskjöld will be forgotten, along with Trygve Lie (Hammarskjöld's predecessor—1946-52—remember?), Stalin, Chamberlain, and all the others who have had an influence one way or another on humanity, or parts of it.

Twenty years from now there will be a new set of names. Twenty more, another set. A hundred years hence the names we know today will be meaningless. Nikita Khrushchev will be to the 21st Century what Napoleon Bonaparte is to the 20th—a damned nuisance in examinations.

Nobody outlives time. Personalities fade. Only their contribution remains—if it is worth it. You remember Jesus. Do you remember Augustus Caesar? No, because he left nothing worth remembering. Can you name and number the ministers of your church from the beginning, without looking them up? It is wagered that few could. Only by their contribution, what they left behind them, if anything, are they remembered.

To survive as a personality is a futile ambition. Every politician, every film star, is doomed to fade out like the tail of a rocket on November 5th. Only their works live on, if they are worth it.

If you want to leave behind you a permanent memorial, do not bother impressing people with your name, your position, and what you look like. They might raise a plaque to you, but after the unveiling nobody will look twice except the cleaner. And do not try to build your own round your children. They have enough to put up with as it is. Anyway, they were not meant to be mummies encased in "the image of father".

Try being the sort of person whose words are remembered because they were true and wise and helpful, and whose actions are not forgotten because they were human, constructive, and beneficial. Then you stand a chance of being spoken of in the only way worth having:—

"I forget his name, I'm not sure where he lived and when he died, but he said that . . . and he used to do . . . and I often think of it."

This is the only survival on earth you can look forward to having. This is how Jesus is remembered. His name?—just a convenience. His birth place?—controversial. His home and family?—obscure. His appearance?—completely unknown. His age at death?—approximate. His grave?—an absolute mystery. His words and actions?—remembered.

Correspondence

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer", 14 Gadsden Square, London, W.C.1. They should not be generalised down to four hundred words in length.

Christian Therapy

Sir: I read Mr. Martin's article "Cure or Conversion" with interest. I wonder if he is aware that many similar experiments to that of Canon Drucker have been taking place within most of the major denominations of Protestantism, including our own Unitarian denomination? And amongst the Catholics, of course, it has for centuries been taken for granted that diagnosis of the soul or mind were the prerogative of the priest.

In defence of my ordinary ministerial brethren and myself, who apparently are not to work in our own field without holding the hand of a brilliant psychiatrist, may I point out that the training of a minister may be quite as extensive and intensive as that of a medical man. If anyone is an intruder it is the psychiatrist. His title means, literally, healer of souls. The word (the whole point) is not the prerogative of the psychiatrist, but of the man of God. The minister's school on

mental health at Oxford this year revealed that ordinary ministers had succeeded in handling fruitfully difficult cases that had proved intractable in the hands of brilliant psychiatrists. Moreover, the leading analytical schools, Freudian and Jungian, both maintain that the essential qualification is a personal training analysis, which the majority of psychiatrists in this country lack.

In other words the essential qualification for a "healer of souls" is that he shall have experience and knowledge of the things of the soul. Further, a comparative study of psychotherapy in America (*Persuasion and Healing*, Franks; Harvard & Oxford, 1961), categorically declares that the basic and most important common denominator in all forms of therapy is Agape, Christian charity, a willingness to take a sympathetic interest in the patient. Evocative therapy, the kind conducted by Canon Drucker, which is excellently suited to the ministerial role, is in America today that type of therapy most sought after and considered to be much superior to that involving E.C.T., drugs, insulin, hypnosis or surgery, which is largely the psychiatry of England.

When a patient reveals disturbing physical symptoms concomitant with his mental or spiritual disorder then doctor and minister may well join hands in that co-operation which Jung hoped for. But, this co-operation will be on equal terms and based on mutual respect for the complementary roles of what Jung has called "the two great healing professions".

Hindley, Lancs.

Yours, etc., David C. Doel.

Cure or Conversion

Sir: Mr. Martin raises a point which many of us are becoming increasingly aware of. Preaching to a sick mind, even in a disguised way, can prove a highly dangerous activity. No one would deny that clinics such as the one in Leicester have had many successes, and have led people into profound spiritual experiences, and conversion to the established church. But neither must we forget that such experiences have also led other people out of the established church into movements such as ours. Sometimes even out of Christianity into other religions.

Also, in at least one of our Midland cities, groups run by educated Indians are getting very good results with their methods, and some hospital authorities are recognising this. The Indian thinker, Krishna Murti says this of spiritual experiences:—

"The experience is greater than the experiencer, and so the experiencer sets about to reduce it to his own level. To his sphere of comprehension. We translate all experience in terms of our own conditioning. The deeper it is, the more alertly aware must we be not to misread it."

Leicester.

Yours, Joan Evans.

Religious Integrity

Sir: Mr. Kemshall's interesting letter concerning the Anglican 39 Articles has special importance having regard to the fact that they are likely to be very much in the news in the immediate future. A call for their revision has just been made by Dr. C. B. Moss in a new book "The 39 Articles Revised", while during the next few weeks there is to appear a book on the same subject by Dr. W. R. Matthews, this being an expanded form of the lecture he gave on this matter not long ago.

What adds interest to this demand is the surprising editorial in *The Church Times* (15/9/61) which was headed "39 Obstacles?". The editorial supports what Mr. Kemshall has written. It says, "Few, if any, clergymen today would profess that they are entirely happy with the Articles as the sole official statement of the doctrinal position of their church. At some points they seem frankly irrelevant to the modern age; at others they are downright objectionable, as in their ambiguous flirtation (to say the least) with the horrid Calvinist doctrine of predestination of millions of souls to eternal damnation, a doctrine manifestly inconsistent with the basic insistence that the nature of the Eternal God is love".

The editorial concludes with the comment that "It is not good that priests should pretend to believe things which in their hearts they cannot accept. The Articles have become obstacles to the work and mission of the church".

Coming from this particular source, not marked generally for Liberal or Modernist views, the comment gains in significance and indicates "the wind of change" influencing Anglican thinking at this time.

In his last sentence Mr. Kemshall makes a telling point. Just to relate next year the story of 1662 will not help in very much. What will give point to our celebrations will be the measure of our capacity to bring out the relevance of the 1662 happenings for our own time.

Gt. Foulden Park,
Capehorn, Sussex.

Yours, Arthur Pascock.

Not Tercentenary of Unitarianism

Sir: I very much agree with what Mr. Kemshall has to say about integrity but I would point out that the Presbyterians did not come out of the Church of England in 1662 because they "could not make statements of belief which they accepted only historically, symbolically or metaphysically". As is made clear in the General Assembly's pamphlet "Three Hundred Years", the reasons for their objections were not doctrinal but liturgical and ecclesiastical. It is a similar misunderstanding of our history which has caused M.H.F. of Ringwood (in the same issue of the *Inquirer*) to talk about "the Tercentenary of Unitarianism".

Lewisham.

Yours, Jeremy Goring.

An Alpine Pilgrimage

Sir: This week's interesting article by Dr. and Mrs. Goring recalls to me an expedition of nearly fifty years ago. In August, 1912, I was one of a party led by the late Rev. E. W. Lummis to visit another part of Graubünden, the Münsterthal. Mr. Lummis had, after some years' service in our churches, been compelled for health's sake to live for a while in the mountains, and secured a pastorate in Switzerland. In several issues of our *Year Book* he is described as "Pfarrer of C'érts, Fuldern and Lü in the Swiss Church, 1907-9". During those years he contributed to the *Inquirer* occasional articles headed "From the Crow's Nest". Returning, he served the Cambridge congregation for a time.

Our party in 1912 stayed at Valcava, a neighbouring village with an inn large enough to hold us. On the Sunday we worshipped in the little church at Fuldern, led by its former Pfarrer in a service in Romanich; it is interesting to see in your columns a fragment of that fascinating language. Whatever impact the brief sojourn of a Unitarian minister may have made on the faith of the people of Münsterthal, his return visit a few years later was a pleasant encounter in which one or two besides myself may remember having a share.

Wandsworth.

Yours, Dorothy Tarrant

In a Nuthell

Sir: "Layman" enjoyed *Whistle Down the Wind* but took exception to some fortuitous resemblance to the Gospel story being brought in, commenting that "these bits of ill-thought-out symbolism only create discomfort and add nothing to the significance of the story".

I would have thought these hints of a parallel with the earlier version gave the film its whole fascinating point, namely that these children, indoctrinated by their Sunday School teacher, the Vicar and the Salvation Army, were as receptive as traditional Christians always have been to belief based, initially, on the highly debatable evidence of words—belief which, in the case of the film, arose through an understandable error as to identity and was passed on as Gospel to be accepted by other immature and uncritical minds.

According to the dialogue, the children were looking, mostly in vain, for "signs". The "Cross" touch Layman instances with distaste was quite a normal police routine which, at the same time, gave the final confirmation to Katie's touching faith, built up from a chapter of misconceptions.

The one who sized up the situation correctly and was swayed only briefly by the prevailing credulity, was the small doubting Thomas who rightly insisted that the supposed Jesus was no mystical entity fulfilling a prophecy but was "just a feller". One brand of Unitarianism in a nuthell!

Exeter.

Yours, etc., Erid Shears.

Germany

Sir: May I ask your correspondent F. W. Adams, who is an old student of the German question, to explain why the Soviet Government refuses to allow any free elections to be held in the Soviet zone, and, this being so, why it is called a democratic republic?

Edinburgh, 4.

Yours, T. G. M. Guise.

An Invitation

Sir: The Cambridge Term begins on October 10th, and I should be very grateful if members of our churches and members of our congregations would send me any names and addresses of students coming or to the University so that a welcome may be extended to them by the Memorial Church.

11 Chesham Hall Crescent,
Cambridge.

Yours, H. Stewart Carter.

THE LINDSEY PRESS

ALIENATION AND FELLOWSHIP

by Dr. D. Russell Davis
Reader in Medical Psychology, Cambridge
Essex Hall Lecture 1961
2s. by post 2s. 2d.

THE WAY OF PRAYER

A Manual of Daily Prayers and Readings
2s. by post 2s. 2d.

ESSAYS IN UNITARIAN THEOLOGY, A SYMPOSIUM

Edited by Kenneth Twinn, M.A.
2s. 6d. by post 3s. 2d.

PRAYERS OF FAITH AND FELLOWSHIP

A selection of prayers from many liberal sources, English and American, arranged for public worship or private devotion.

6s. by post 6s. 8d.

THE LINDSEY PRESS

ESSEX HALL, 1-6 ESSEX ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Miscellaneous

DUPLICATING. Verbatim shorthand, Typewriting (MSS/Tapes).
Translating.—Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, London, N.11.
ENT 3324.

ESSEX CHURCH requires caretaker. Modernised flat available.
Apply, 112 Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8.

WARDEN, active and with experience in cooking and house-keeping wanted for private home for 12 elderly ladies, 4 miles from Manchester. Comfortable quarters and good daily help. The Gentlemen's Work and Help Society, 1 Ridgefield, King Street, Manchester, 2. Tel.: Blackfriars 4965.

Golden Wedding

Glass: Oakeshott.—On September 27th, 1911, at Essex Church, Kensington, by the Rev. Frank K. Freeston, Hubert, third son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mentor Gimson, to Agnes Bessie, only daughter of the late Mr. R. S. Oakeshott and Mrs. Oakeshott: present address, 46 Ladbrooke Square, London, W.11.

UNITARIAN COLLEGE, MANCHESTER OPENING OF THE SESSION, 1961-62

Wednesday, October 11th at 3 p.m.

Address by

THE REV. A. J. LONG, M.A.

—Half-Believers in Canal Cruisers—

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF SUBSCRIBERS will follow and a cup of tea will be provided. The attendance of all friends of the College is invited.

Nominations are invited for membership of the College Committee. Nominees and nominators MUST be subscribing members of the College. Proposals will be received up to Tuesday, October 10th by the Ministerial Secretary, Rev. S. H. Knight, Stand Parsonage, Whitefield, Manchester.

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

Births, Marriages, Deaths, Changes of Address
2 lines, 6s. 0d. minimum. Each additional line, 2s. 0d.

Miscellaneous—Prepaid
6d. per word, minimum 1s.

W. Hovson & Sons Organisations Limited
Kinggate House, 115, Holborn, London, W.C.1

Telephone: CHAnsey 5752

Display Rates on Application

Special Terms for a Series

Holiday Accommodation

Britain's Best Climate, plus the warmth and comfort of Normanhurst for your Autumn holiday. Premier position near Sun-Lounge, Pier, own beach-but opposite. Facing full South. Well appointed Lounges. T.V. and Stumblers. Double and Twin-bedded rooms only from £7 7s. 0d. Write now for illustrated brochure, NORMANHURST, Sea-front, St. Leonards, SUSSEX. Phone: HASTINGS 4784.

THE INQUIRER

All letters and communications for the Editor must reach him not later than Saturday morning for publication the next week. All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

Subscription Rates: £1 6s. 0d. per annum (post free).
Those having any difficulty in obtaining copies of the paper should communicate direct with the publisher.

Address: 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1

TEL.: BUS 7354 Subtotal: BUS 2013

Birth

Birtles.—On September 15th, to Jean and Hilton, a son (Andre w) brother for Elizabeth, Alastair, Roderick and Alexandra.

Death

Beaumont.—On September 22nd, 1961, Fanny Constance, of Pembroke, Winslade Road, Sidmouth, third daughter of the late Rev. George Beaumont of Guttrac, Liverpool. For sometime, Head Mistress of the South Liverpool School for Girls. Funeral Service, The Old Meeting, Sidmouth, Tuesday, September 26th, 1.45 p.m., followed by Private Cremation.

Induction of the Rev. Kenneth Wright

On Saturday, September 16th, the Rev. Kenneth Wright was inducted as minister of the Old Chapel, Dukinfield, at an inspiring service and in the presence of a large congregation, which included representatives and friends from neighbouring churches of our denomination, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Dukinfield. The Service was conducted by the Rev. C. H. Bartlett, of Cross Street, Manchester: the charge to the new minister was given by the Rev. Principal F. Kenworthy, Unitarian College, Manchester; the charge to the congregation by the Rev. J. H. Smith of Hyde Chapel and President of the General Assembly and the new minister was installed by the Chapel Warden, Mr. J. S. Miller.

A welcome meeting in the Sunday School followed the Induction Service. Among the many messages of good wishes received were those of the Rev. S. P. and Mrs. Whitehouse of Bournemouth, the former minister of the Old Chapel. The Rev. K. Wright, replying to the many expressions of welcome and greeting said that the future pathway would not always lead through green pastures, oft times the way would be rugged, but through tolerance, understanding and the pledge of loyalty—loyalty to God and to each other—it would be a wonderful adventure and he was confident an adventure which would eventually lead to that greater inner peace—which the world cannot give, or take away.

Bachdale.—Sunday School Anniversary Services were held on 17th September which were conducted by the Rev. Frank Walker, minister of the Unitarian churches at Halifax and Huddersfield. Anthems were sung by the scholars and members of the church choir, under the direction of Mr. Frank Nuttall, and the collections for the day amounted to just over £70.

For news of Unitarian Churches and personalities and views read the

UNITARIAN

Published monthly, twopenny per issue, or four shillings per annum, post free. Business manager, G. Harrison, 2 Watways Close, Stamford, Lincolnshire.

Special rates for fifty, a hundred, or more copies, making the Unitarian an ideal insertion in monthly calendars.